1. Way all this toll for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a dower;

3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die-4. The oradic and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

5. To be is far better than not to be, 6. Though all man' life seems tragedy;

7. But light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dum). 8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

9. Your fate is but the common fate of all; 10. Unmingled joys here to no man fall,

11. Nature to each allots here proper sphere, 12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;

15. Live well—how long or short, permit to heaven 16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

17. Sig may be clapsed so close we cannot see it

18. Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;

19. Then keep each passion down, however dear, 20. Thou pendulum betwirt a smile and tear;

21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay, 22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;

23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; 24. We masters grow of all that we despise.

25. Oh, then, renounce that implous self-esteem ! 26. Riobes have wings, and grandeur is a dream. 27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave; 28. The paths of giory lead but to the grave.

29. What's ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, 30. Only destructive to the brave and great.

31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a clown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

33. How long we live, not years but actions tell; 34. That man lives twice who lives the first life v

35, Make, then, while yet we may, your God you friend, 36, Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend

37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself b 38. For, live we how we can, die we must,

1, Young; 2, Dr. Sam Johnson; 3, Alexander Pope; 4, Prior; 5, Sewell; 6, Spenear; 7, Daniel; 8, Sir Walter Raleigh; 9, H. W. Longellow; 10, Southwell; 11, Congrevo; 12, Churchill; 13, Rochester; 14, Armstrong; 15, Miston; 16, Baily; 17, Trench; 18, Sommerville; 19, Thompson; 20, Bycon; 21, Smollett; 22, Crabbe; 23, Massinger; 24, Crowley; 25, Beattie; 26, Cowper; 27, Sir W. Davenant; 28, Gray; 29, Willis; 30, Addison; 31, Dryden; 32, Quartes; 33, Walkins; 34, Herrick; 35, Mason; 36, Hill; 37, Dana; 38, Shakspeare.

MY FIRST CLIENT.

I had been called to the bar not quite a year, and was seated with my friend Frank Armitage in our chambers in the temple. Frank had been called on, the same day as myself, and we had agreed to make our professional start together. To that end we had become joint possessors of a set of chambers at No. 99 Figtree court, and of a boy named Blobbs, who was known as our "clerk," though his tender years and seedy garments made the dignified appellation sound al-most ironical. His style of dress was peculiar, and gave one the idea that he had several brothers of various sizes, and had borrowed an article of apparel from eact -his boots belonging to the eldest and his trousers to the youngest. There were sundry other boys on our staircase, with whom Blobbs was constantly having little differences and fighting them | the fact is, I have come to beg your asout upon the landing; indeed this, with sistance in a very urgent case. occasional expeditions to Prosper's for commissariat purposes, formed the staple of his professional occupations. When he first undertook his duties, we had started him with a pint bottle of ink, a resm of draft paper, and a gross of pens; and we had enjoined him to employ all his leisure time in copying precedents. He began with great vigor, and copied about a page and a half, in a large school-boy hand, the first morning, but he never got any farther. The ream of paper dwindled, somehow, and the ink disappeared to an extent which even the numerous little black devils, with which Blobbs had embellished his doma a, failed to account for, until, one morning, I detected him in blacking his boots with it, and polishing them with the pen-wiper. Still, as boys go, Blobbs was not a very bad specimen; and, as we really had no work for him to do, we were not disposed to be extremely angry with him for not doing it.

Fortunately, Armitage and myself were both, to a considerable extent, independent of our profession, for, to all appearance, our profession was quite independent of us. We had been called, as I have mentioned, very nearly a year, and neither of us had been favored with a brief; nor did there appear to be any particular likelihood that we ever should. We had had afriend, Charley Larcombe, who had recently been articled to a solicitor, and who had promised that when he was out of his articles (which would be in about four years) and had passed his examination (which might be forty) he would "give as a lift." This rather vague prospect really appeared to be our only chance; but, with the natural sanguineness of youth, we still looked for briefs, though we had not the faintest notion where they were to come from. In truth, in the very early days of our professional career (when we had only being barristers for a week or two), we used to watch with anxious solicitude any person of legal aspect who was seen to cross the court in the direction of our sta rease; but we found that the person of legal aspect invariably stopped short at the chambers of Cocksure, Q. C., which were immediately below ours, and the approach of a stranger had now ceased to excite more than a casual interest At the outset of our career we had un-minously agreed that everything of an unprofessional character in our surroundings should be rigidly taboosd. In particular we had decided that our breakfast should always. be over 1 at 1 its remains cleared away before 3 a. d., and that smoking should not, on any account, be permitted in the room destined for the reception of clients. In accordance with these virtuous resolves, we were (or, I should rather fay, we had been) always to be found by half past 9, each seated in the rigidest of arm-chairs, wearing the blackent of frock-coats and the stiffest of shirt collars, attentions at the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the pressed my extreme gratification at having the opportunity of contributing a sovereign to the necessities of the Podders for the collars and the stiffest of the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, so on the stiffest of the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, so on the stiffest of the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, so on the stiffest of the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, so on the stiffest of the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man couldn't last very long, so on the saying is ! So upon that, and quite relying that the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. They all knew the old man would keep his word, Podgers goes and marries. shirt collars, attentively perusing ponderous law books, and making copious notes with the assistance of a gigantic pewte inksland, polished to a positively

too estreme a tension, and they had gredutly sunk down again. Who was first to give way is a moot point. My own idea is that all would have gone well had not Armitage insidiously suggested our allowing ourselves just one moment, Mr. Ward," and I rung the lightly after the lightly and the lightly suntained.

originally expected, we had become

till dinner-time. In our earlier days, we

had made it a point of honor that one or

other of us should always remain in chambers, so as to be ready for anything

that might turn up, but, now, we made nothing of putting up the delusive no-tice, "Return in five minutes," and de-parting together for the rest of the day.

In order, however, to keep up the pleas

ant fiction that we still expected to have clients, some day, we had made a bet. Each of us had backed himself for £5 to

in order to commemorate the event.

Imagine our emotion, therefore, when,

on the morning of my story, soon after 10, a heavy step was heard to ascend the

staircase and pause at our door; and when Blobbs (who bad been, according to his usual habit, settling a little diffi-culty with Cocksure's boy upon the

landing) rushed in, and, in a hoarse whisper said, frantic with excitement:

A gentleman for Mister Browne! And

he've got a bundle o' papers," I must say that Armitage's behavior did him credit. My lauding the first prize must

naturally have been a disappointment to

him; but in the most magnanimous way

"Good for you, old man! Go in and win. I'll hook it into the next room, and leave the coast clear for you."

And he bolted accordingly into his

bed-room. I would have given much to

have been able to assume a more dig-nified attire, and to straighten things generally, before the entrance of my client, but it was out of the question. I

had only just time to pitch the end of

my cigar in the fire, open one of the big law-books (upside down, as I afterward discovered), and to compose my features

into the most professional expression

middle-aged, and of a good-naturedly unintellectual cast of countenance. He

wore a shabby white hat and greasy

black gloves, and his tronsers were shorter and his umbrella fatter than is

generally considered desirable in those

"I must apologize for disturbing you

I tried to look as if very urgent cases

were matters of the most ordinary oc-

currence in my professional experience. "Ah," I said, "quite so. Take a seat,

"Ward, sir; Gibbins & Ward, of High street, Bloomsbury. You have

heard the name, I dare say. Gibbins is

dead—has been dead some years, in fact; but we keep up the old name, you

never to my knowledge heard of Gibbins & Ward, but it would not do to admit the fact. Not to know Gibbins & Ward

would clearly be to argue myself un-

known. I took my one accordingly.
"Oh, yes; Gibbins & Ward, a most eminent firm! 1 am delighted to have

the pleasure of making your acquain-

as I was saying, or rather as I was about

to say, I have become connected with a

case, a very peculiar case-indeed, a

you myself, I might venture to call and

"Dear me," I thought, "whoever

would have thought of old Wiggins (my

hairdresser) sending me a client !" And,

on the principle that one good turn de-

serves another, I mentally resolved to go

and have my hair cut the very next day.

"I shall be very happy, Mr. Ward.

"Well, not exactly," said Mr. Ward, depositing his bundle of papers in his

but I'll tell you in half a dozen words the state of the case. The party I rep-resent is a Mrs. Podgers, and I think you will agree with me that she has been

very badly used. The fact is, she was

Glubb, in the oil and color trade, a man

reputed to be worth a mint of money.

When she married Podgers, who was a

pork butcher in a small way of business,

Podgers naturally wanted to know what

the old man would do for them. A little

ready money would have been very ac-

ceptable, and as they knew that Sasan (that's Mrs. Podgers) was the only daughter, and would come in for all the

old man's money at his death, they didn't see why he shouldn't give 'em a

little at once, on account like. But old Glubb wasn't to be had in that way.

'No,' he says; 'if you marry Susan, when I die you'll have all I've got.

which may be ten thousand or it may be twenty; but I'm not a-going to undress

before I go to bed, as the saying is!'

starts a pony-trap. Trade was bad, and

Podgers found himself outrunning the

constable a bit : but he didn't mind, feel-

ing sure it would be all right when the

daughter of an old fellow named

"I have a few rough memoranda,

Have you the particulars in writing ?"

ask you to assist me in it."

I replied :

"You are very kind, sir. Well, sir.

tance, Mr. Ward."

know.

at this early hour, Mr. Browne" (he was

evidently not a high practitioner); "but

he exclaimed:

well had not Armitage insidiously suggested our allowing ourselves just one cigarette after breakfast; while he will have it that the thin end of the wedge was introduced by my surreptitiously reading an occasional French novel under cover of "Coke on Littleton." However this may be, we had speedily fallen away from our original high standard. Not having been troubled with that frantic rush of clients which we had originally expected we had become bell. Blobbs entered. bell. Biobbs entered.

"Blobbs, give me 'Chitty on Contracts,' and then go and ask Mr. Cocksure's clerk to oblige me with the loan of the sixth volume of 'Messon and Welsby.' I think I can give you a case just in point, Mr. Ward." Blobbs handed me "Chitty on Contracts," which in point of fact was on the mantelpiece immediately behind me and depiece immediately behind me, and de-parted to execute the remainder of my originally expected, we had become much less particular in our habits. The large law-books were left unopened, the hour of breakfast had become gradually later and later, and short pipes and tweed jackets had become the order of the day until luncheon, and, sometimes, I fear, even the dispersion of the day until luncheon, and, sometimes, I fear, even order. I referred to the index, murmuring sudibly: "Consideration—good—valuable — marriage — page 18," then turned to the passage and silently perused it with much attention. "Ah, yes, I thought so!"

Blobbs here returned with the borrowed volume, in which, with an air of deep reflection, I turned to an imaginary authority. "No, that won't do. I had forgotten for the moment that that case was overruled by Jones vs. Robinson. Pray, proceed, Mr. Ward."

Mr. Ward had more than once attempted to continue his story, but, with a gentle wave of the hand, I had courteously yet firmly deprecated interrup-tion. He resumed, apologetically: "I'm afraid I'm giving you a deal of Each of us had backed nimself for 25 to get the first brief, with the proviso that (if ever the bet should be decided) the winner was to stand a dinner to the loser,

trouble, Mr. Browne, " Not at all, Mr. Ward, I assure you. always like to make sure, from the outset, as to the broad principles appli-

"Quite so, sir; very true. But I am afraid there is a little misunderstanding."

with great attention. A married B's daughter C on the faith of an undertaking by B that he will, on his death, leave C the whole of his property; B (that's Glubb, you know) dies and he does not leave the property to C (that's Mrs. Podgers, but to somebody else. Isn't that your case?" And I leaned back in my chair and eyed him with a deny-that-if-you-can sort of expression.

"Just exactly so, sir. If you'd been one of the family yourself, you couldn't have got it more pat. They all went on as comfortable as possible till, one Sunday, the old gentleman dined with the Podgerses, and he found a caterpillar in the vegetables. He would have it they did it on purpose. He went have at did it on purpose. He went home at once, tore up his will and made another, leaving every penny of his money to the Asylum for Incurable Clearstarchers. The excitement brought on an apoplectic fit, and he died, the very same night. Personality sworn under £25,000; and Podgers all but in the Gazette," I began to fear that the case would

compatible with a flannel jacket and carpet slippers, when the visitor en-tered. He was a short, puffy little man, prove to be a chancery matter, and that my share in it would be limited to giving Mr. Ward an elaborate opinion to that effect. But it clearly would not do to make any suggestion of the kind at

the present stage of the proceedings. articles; but, notwithstanding, there was an air of snug respectability about him, and the bundle of papers, tied with red tape, which he carried, had an eminently business-like appearance. He "Ab, just as I thought, you see," I tried to look as if I had anticipated every detail of the case, even to the caterpillar, "Well, the question now is, what evidence have we, first, of a distinct agreement on the part of B (otherwise Grubb) to leave all his property to his daughter, and, secondly, that A (otherwise Podgers) married on the faith of that promise. You hear what Chitty says: 'A valuable consideration is such the law esteems an equivalent given for the grant, and is therefore founded on motives of justice.' That's the law, but how about the facts? Mere assertion

won't do you know; we want evidence."
"Well, as to evidence, I'm afraid
there isn't much in a legal sense, Mr. Cocksure has advised upon the case, and he says that we havn't any evidence; in fact, that we havn't a leg to stand I didn't know in the least. I had upon."

It was flattering and at the same time a little alarming to be consulted in a case in which Mr. Cocksure had stready expressed an adverse opinion. If Mr. Cocksure was timid, I had better be at least cautions.

"You will have up-hill work before you, I'm afraid, and I should recommend you, Mr. Ward, as a man of business (this is, of course, between ourselves), to see your way very clear as to your costs out of pocket. The Incurable. Clearstarchers will fight hard, sir, you may depend on it."

most peculiar case; and, hearing of you "Oh dear, yes, sir; no doubt they from my old friend Mr. Wiggins, I thought that, though I am a stranger to would. But we've quite made up our minds not to go to law about the matter. It would only be throwing good money after bad; leastways it would, if we had any to throw; but we haven't. Podgers ran away to America, last Monday, and his poor wife and five young children are this moment living in a two-pair back in Camden town, sustaining a miserable existence on the scauty remains of the stock in-trade."

A horrible misgiving crossed my mind, and I shut up Chitty.

"I thought-I mean to say I sup posed—I really don't quite see, then, in what way I can be of service in the case, Mr. Ward."

"Well, you see, sir, Mr. Wiggins told me as you was an uncommon kind-hearted gentleman, so I made bold to call and ask if you wouldn't put down your name for a trifle for the widow and orphans-not that Mrs. P. is precisely a widow, nor yet the children exactly orphans, but rather worse, if anything, in

my opinion, and another expected almost immediately, sir."

I was fairly caught. Not for worlds would I have let Mr. Ward know that I had been laboring under a misappre-hension, and had been mentally welcoming him as my first client. On the other hand, after the extreme interest I had exhibited in the case, I could not do less than give him a handsome donation. Smiling amiably, but inwardly breathing the most awful imprecations against Wiggins (and very nearly vowing, on the spar of the moment, never to have my hair cut again as long as I lived), 1 exat any time require anything in his line, it would be his most earnest endeavor these words, by the way, he apparently spelt with an h—to give me satisfaction. He insisted on shaking hands at parting, dazzing brightness. But this haloyon state of affairs was too good to last. We had acrowed up our virtuous resolves to married on the strength of the old gen-

however, he departed, leaving me still holding his card, whereon I read; Gibbins & Ward. Greengrocers, 195 High street,

Evening parties attended.

My one absorbing thought, as soon as I could think at all, was how on earth to conceal the facts from Armitage—what possible fiction to invent which should save my dignity from the exposure of the horrible truta. What dreadful falsehood I might ultimately have given birth to I can not say, for I was saved from the ordeal by hearing a burst, or rather a succession of bursts, of frantic laughter from the room to which Armit-age had retired. I pushed the door, which yielded to my touch. My worst fears were realized! He knew all. He was lying upon the bed, his feet considerably above his head, cramming a pocket-handkerchief in his mouth, and every now and then breaking out afresh into a peal of maniac laughter.
"Well, Browne, old boy, I hope you've

given the new client a good, sound legal opinion. Oh, dear, my poor sides! Where shall we have the dinner, eh, old

"Come, Frank," I said, addressing him more in sorrow than in anger, "don't add insult to injury. You've had the door ajar, you scoundrel; so I needn't tell you any particulars. But

at any rate promise to keep my secret."

"That I'll be hanged if I do, old boy;
the joke is a great deal too good to keep
to myself. How about 'Chitty on Contracts' and '6 Meeson and Welsby?'
Oh, you old imposter! I'll be hanged
if I don't tell the story to every fellow I

So, for fear that the facts should be misrepresented—I hate misrepresenta-tion—I determined to tell it myself.— London Society.

The Cattle King of the Plains.

The experience of Mr. Iliff, the "Cattle-King of the Plains," whose great rauch in Northern Colorado includes hundreds of square miles of bottom and nundreds of square miles of bottom and upland ranges, is typical of the whole. During the severe winter of 1871-72 there were deep snows that remained a long time, and the storms were incessant. In the midst of them Mr. Iliff visited his ranch and found his cattle dying and scattered by thousands. In spite of all he could do, less than half of them were recovered, and those had strayed at springtime into different States and four different Territories. More than \$20,000 were expended in efforts to find them. At last, in the spring of 1874, 5,000 undiscovered head were charged to profit and loss, Could these have been sold the previous fall they would have brought at least \$18 a head, a total of \$90,000. Yet the Cattle-King, and many cattle princes beside him, make money from cattle-raising on the plains, for they learn much by experience, and the demand is great enough to warrant all their risks. Mr. Iliff has now more than 26,000 head of cattle of all ages, sizes and conditions. Nearly 5,000 calves were branded on his ranch last year, and he sold about the same number of 4-year-old steers and fat cows. At the average selling price of \$32 a head net, 4,000 head brought him \$128,000. He employs from twelve to thirty-five men to take care of his him \$128,000. He employs from twelve to thirty-five men to take care of his immense herds in summer. By the introduction of thoroughbred Durham ton twenty feet into the air. In its debulls the herds are rapidly graded up, scent it struck a barge several hundred and he estimates the increase, outside of yards away, and went through its deck | Florida. The story is that he and two purchases and sales, to be about 70 per | and bottom. The barge was loaded with | or three other friends, after a day's fishcent. per year. Besides the cattle raised iron plates and chains from the Iron- ing off the Atlantic coast, spread all sail on his ranch, he deals largely in Texas and Indian cattle, and last season advertised for 20,000 head of Texas cattle, to be delivered during the driving months of 1876. If he does not obtain this number from Texas, he expects to supply the deficiency with the Oregon and Montana cattle, which are beginning to come East. The Laramie Plains, higher up, among the mountains, are a paradise for stock, especially sheep, and away over the mountains toward the Pacific, there are stock ranches that throw even Hiff's in the shade. In the Humboldt Valley, some 550 miles east from San Francisco, one cattle firm, Dunphy & Hildreth, have 20,000 acres fenced in. It is seven miles across from their eastern to their western fence. The fences, made of redwood posts and Oregon pine boards, cost about \$900 a mile, and there are twenty miles of them. The firm own 40,000 head of cattle, which are mostly shipped to San Francisco. The stock is all of good quality, and some of the best blooded animals in the country are annually purchased to improve the grades. The snow here seldom falls deep, does not stay long, and the grass makes its appearance early in the spring. Grass, though, does not seem essential to the well-being of some of the fattest cattle on the continent. Further down the Humboldt Valley, where nothing else but sage-brush, grease-wood, and alkali dust is to be seen, the Central Pacific trains have to slacken speed to avoid maiming heavy herds, for which the green grease-wood bush is alleged to furnish abundant provender.—New York World.

Outgoing Senators.

Appended is a list of the States in which the term of a United States Senator expires on the 4th of March next, with the name and politics of the present

Senator:		
Alabama	Goldthwaite	Democrat.
Arkansas	Clayton	Republican.
Delaware	Saulsbury	Democrat.
Georgia	Norwood	Democrat.
Illinois	Logan	Republican.
Iowa	Wright	Republican.
Kansas	Harvey	Republican
Kentucky	Stevenson	Democrat.
Louisiaus	West	Republican.
Maine	Morrill	Republican
Massachusette	Boutwell	Republican.
Michigan	Ferry	Republican.
Minneeota	Windom	Republican.
Mississippi	Alcorn	Republican.
Nebraska	Hitchcock	Republican.
New Hampshir	re Cragin	Republican.
New Jersey	Fretinghuyeur	Republican.
North Carolina	Bans.m.	Democrat.
	Kelly	
	Anthony	
	Robertson	
	Cooper	
Texas	Hamilton	Republican.
	Johnston	
West Virginia	Davis	Democrat.
Wisconsin	Howa	Remublican

A Possible Outlet for Silver.

Several China papers state that there is a movement being made to introduce a mint at Peking. The Chinese have no fractional currency except inferior cop-per cash. China, it is said, would ab-sorb fully £100,000,000 worth of silver, as a fractional currency alone, in course

SCHOOL-ROOM PERILS.

The Slaughter of the Innecents. The Slaughter of the Innecents.

Dr. Ricard McSherry, of Baltimore, has an article in the Sanitarian for this month on the above subject. He charges that "the local authorities of cities and very largely throughout the country, out-Herod Herod in the slaughter of the innocents." "There is no bloodshed, indeed, in the beginning, but there is," he says, "towards the end, in various forms of hemorrhage." In speaking of schools for girls he expresses the opinion that the evils of the school-room "often tend to the extinguishment of families." tend to the extinguishment of families.

He adds, and the reasoning applies in the main to children of both sexes:

"What else can be expected when young children are imprisoned for long and weary hours, day after day and year after year, in close and stifling schoolrooms, where the air is habitually so foul as to be expected in the office of the state of as to be exceedingly offensive to any one entering from without, though unnoticed by those within who are breathing it over and over again? A lady who is fond of plants and flowers, and has but a small space for cultivating them, say in window-gardening, finds that her favorites require a goodly quantity of sun and air to thrive, which she seeks for them accordingly, while she sends those more tender plants, the children, to a horrid scool-room, whence the rays of the sun are excluded, while the arti-ficial heat, often loaded itself with coal gas or carbonic oxide, is made mephitic with carbonic acid from many breaths, and all the exhalations that arise from a miscellaneous crowd of helpless and innocent little prisoners. This is not a matter of comfort or discomfort, but more clearly a matter of life or death with the children. What is the good of all the learning, such as it is, acquired in the school room, and by gas light at home, to a young girl who has a spinal curvature and a perpetual headache, and a weak chest, and indigestion, and flabby muscles, and, in short, universal delicacy in every part of her organism? How is she prepared for the wear and tear of life duties, and what kind of a help-meet is she going to make? The evil is a crying one; it is fraught with ruin, yet scarcely any but a few medical men seem to appreciate

its importance." What is the remedy? "Fewer hours at school," he says, "and fewer studies at any one time." Frequent changes of position and air; a brief recess every hour to relieve the mental tension, stretch the cramped limbs, and enable the schol-ars to take in good inspirations of fresh

"Let the school-room be cleared every hour, and thoroughly ventilated while the children play for a few minutes in the open air in good weather, or un-der shelter while it rains. The shelter health would both be promoted by these

A Yarn for the Marines.

measures.

A Philadelphia dispatch says: "Capt. West, a submarine operator, was at work on the hulk of the sunken Ironsides, off the League Island Navy Yard, on Tueslives of the workmen on board. The whole time occupied less than a minute.'

Death on Snakes.

A few days since a boy, son of Mr. Osborne, residing near West Salem, ket down for a moment, when his eye fell on two rattlesnaks sunning themselves near by. He dispatched both in short order, and went to take up his basket when he heard rattles again. glance just beyond the basket revealed our more coiled up near each other. Undaunted, he commenced the war again, and did not leave the field till he had slaughtered all. But he had had enough of blackberrying for that day, as instead of a lot of berries, he gathered up his half dozen rattlesnakes, put them in his basket, and triumphantly carried them home as trophies of youthful valor.

A Swindler Captured.

A remarkably successful adventurer has been arrested in Philadelphia, His last assumed name was Chalnotte, but his real name is unknown to the police, and his most recent exploits were per-formed as a brother of Don Carlos. His general plan was to flirt with women, induce them to compromise themselves in some trifling way, and then blackma'l them. His good looks, education, and intelligence enabled him to make a surprising number of dupes. Letters from over thirty women and girls were found in his trunk. This year he made a round of the watering places, and when caught was operating at the Centennial Exhibiton. A sensible woman exposed him.

Death Among the Bables. The amount of sickness and suffering

that has prevailed among the little children of the poor during the past two months far exceed anything wit-pessed in the course of many years experience. For twenty-four successive days of last month a child under 5 years of age died in this city every fifteen minutes—an average of nearly 1,000 a week. But little effort was made to check this awful staughter of the innocents,-From the Report of a New York Society.

Methodism in Germany.

Methodism invaded Germany in 1849. It has now 481 preaching stations; cheap chapels worth about \$300,000; the annual collections are nearly \$40,000; their theological seminary at Frankfort has sent out sixty-one young preachers; and the publishing house at Bremen issues to subscribers four different papers, aggregating 40,000 copies. The partiently German paper which gives these facts adds that "the movement is producing great confusion with weak

WHAT THE BULLET SANG. BY BRET HARTE,

Oh joy of creation,
To be!
Oh rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my Love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands, All alone, With the power in his hands Not o'erthrown; I shall know him by his face, By his goddine from and grace, I shall hold him for a space, All my own!

It is he—Oh my Love!
So bold!
It is I - all thy love
Foretold!
It is I. Oh Love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kins?
Ah, sweetheart, what is this
Lieth there
So cold!

Harper's Weekly.

Wit and Humor.

A room relation—telling an anecdote

Our age appears to overtake a fast

A good citizen is a peace-maker. But, says a surly friend, so is a bull in a china shop—it makes pieces, too.

A MAGAZINE writer asks : "Do birds die a natural death?" As birds do not employ physicians we can see no good reason for asking that question.

Whar is the difference between a hap-py death and Stanley's body-servant? on see it, of course—one is euthanasia and the other is a youth in Africa.

In Canon City, Col., a man can't take couple of broken chairs to the cabinetshop for repairs without hearing such imputations as: "Hit you with a chair, did she?" Amin the general business depression

it is gratifying to the philanthropist to know that no attempt has yet been made to reduce the wages of sin.—New York Dispatch. BOYNER has a horse named Music,

good in a hurdlerace. In the even tenor of his way he takes five bars altogether, in good time. He never misses an oat, and is easy to Handel. "Young MAN," said the Judge, "did you steal that piece of hardware?" "No,

sir," replied the prisoner, "I don't steal hardware. That isn't in my line of business. Chickens and coal is my line." "Peren, don't you enjoy the astro-

nomical phenomena these evenings?" said a well-to-do citizen, residing in West Harrisburg, to his colored employe the other evening. "'Clar to goodness, I never tried 'em; mushmel-on is my favorite fruit."

THANKS, and a thousand of them, to the unknown genius who intrusted a trunk, with a hive of bees in it, to the should be provided, no matter what the cost. Life and learning are of little worth without health, but learning and smasher the other day. The company worth without health, but learning and will pay for the bees, and the doctor thinks his patient will be around again in a fortnight or so.

NARRAGANSETT PIER claims that for pretty girls this se son she's without a peer.—Boston Post. Pretty cheeky, that. An-arrogant-sett 'pears to be at that place this summer.—Philadelphia Bulletin, And they are declared by those who have looked upon their frames to be a Narrow gaunt set, too .- The Graphic.

THEY'VE got the laugh on the Cincinnati railroad man just returned from sides, and it went down like a flash, on their smack for home, but after When the barge touched the bottom, it standing three hours before the wind careened, dumped its load, and instantly and making no headway, they suddenly rose to the surface again, thus saving the down all the time.

A soy sat at the corner of Grand River avenue and Park Place gnawing away at some watermelon rinds which had been thrown out of a store. A passer Osborne, residing near West Salem, Wis., went out to gather blackberries on a bluff near his home. He set his bast those melon rinds?" "Cause the other feller got the start of me and gnawed the core !" was the very complacent re-

A WRITER in Notes and Queries tells the following good story: Mr. Falls, a well-known Irish sportsman, happened one day to ride down a hound. The irascible but witty master attacked him in no very measured language. "Sir," was the reply, "I'd have you recollect I am Mr. Falls, of Dungannon." The answer was ready: "I don't care if you are Mr. Falis, of Nisgara; you shan't ride over my hounds."

"Mss. Smrrn," says Mrs. Jones, at Long Branch, "your boy Johnny hit my boy Jimmy over the head with a croquet mallet, and I am surprised you allow him to act so outrageously."
"My boy," says Mrs. Smith, drawing herself up to her full Smithsonian Institute height, "is perfectly well behaved; he was probably provoked to hit your notoriously bad Jimmy, and I consider it rude and impertinent for you to address me in this excited manner.

THE late Ray. Geo. Holton, of Bolton, Conn., was a rather eccentric personage. After his first wife died he contracted a matrimonial engagement with a widow of his flock. In his time it was customary to publish an intended marriage in church a week or two before the intended event took place. He read his own notice in the following poetical

manner:

I, the Rev. George Holton,
And the widow, Martha Moulton,
Both of Boiton,
Intend marriage.

Crack Shots of Keekuk.

A Keokuk darkey was caught in the act of robbing a deck passenger on the Rob Roy, early Saturday morning. The robber broke away and ran, but all Keokuk turned out with revolvers and shot at him. Tons of lead whistled in the air and felt in the streets, and the unscathed, accommodating shade gave every man a chance that wanted a crack at him. . He even waited for one marksman to go home after his revolver, and the only request he refused was that of a man who had pawned his pistol and wanted the fugitive to wait until he could se his dog and get his artillery out of soak. He hadn't time to wait, but he compromised by letting this man throw a brick at him. Then the robber departed, and Keokuk put away its guns and went to sleep to dream about the mutability of buman affairs and the uncertainty of pistol practice. - Burlington (fa)